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ARTIST BIOGRAPHY.

SAMUEL L. WALDO.

Samuel L. Waldo was born in the year 1783, in the town of Windham, Conn. His father was a substantial farmer and repeatedly member of the State legislature. Samuel alternately worked on the farm and attended a good school kept by the afterward noted Gen. Eaton. He filled his copy-books with sketches and induced his father to place him at the age of sixteen with a portrait painter named Stewart, promising to ask for no more money than the one hundred dollars entrance fee demanded by the teacher. Waldo worked hard, and at the age of twenty set up his easel in Hartford with a capital of fifteen dollars, the price of a portrait of a British Commodore, his first attempt from life. He met with little success and began to run in debt, when, happily he met with Thomas Day, then a beginner at the law and afterward Secretary of State for Connecticut. Day advised him to go to Litchfield, gave him a letter to a friend and an order on a tailor that he might cut a good figure among his new acquaintances. Theodore Dwight also introduced him by letter to a rich officeholder. Dunlap says:

"On arriving at Litchfield, with little else in his pockets but these letters, he with fluttering heart proceeded to deliver them. One of the patrons by promises was very glad to see him, but extremely sorry that the friend whose portrait he wanted was sick and could not sit. He called on the other, who bowed him out with assurances that he should at all times be exceedingly happy to see him at his house. But there are friends as well as patrons in the world, and Mr. Waldo's conduct through life entitled him to expect friendship—and he found it. It so happened that a gentleman of Litchfield, at the time unknown to him, witnessed the cold reception and formal bow with which he had been received, or rather dismissed; and being a warm-hearted man, benevolence dictated measures, which he immediately put in practice, to counteract the effects of politeness. As he took leave of the last patron with heavy heart and was proceeding to his inn, a gentleman followed him and calling him by name, said: 'My name is Gould, I saw your pictures at Hartford—I am happy to see you in Litchfield. Will you go with me to my house? it is but a few steps.' The invitation was accepted; and the young artist was introduced to Mr. Gould's family and persuaded to stay and take dinner. Before dinner was ready, Waldo observed a man entering the courtyard of the house, with his baggage and

professional apparatus, which, by order of Mr. Gould, was carried upstairs into a spacious and well furnished room, to which he led the painter, saying: 'This is your chamber, and my house is your home; you may commence painting my wife's portrait as soon as you please, and then my face is at your service.' There certainly are two kinds of people in this world of ours. What a sudden revolution must have taken place in the feelings of a youth, who, the moment before had, in a strange place, seen all his hopes blasted and had not money enough to carry him back, and now found himself surrounded by friends, the employment he sought offered spontaneously, free quarters provided for him, and a bright prospect for futurity opened before him. Day started him—Gould sped him on, and from that moment, though sometimes among shoals and shallows, he has sailed with the flood tide to the haven he has found."

At Litchfield, young Waldo painted several portraits and earned \$160. He was introduced to Hon. John Rutledge of South Carolina, who employed him and invited him to Charleston, to which port he soon sailed after paying his debts and visiting his parents. At Charleston he was well employed, and after a visit to Connecticut was enabled by Charlestonians to visit London in 1806, with letters to West and Copley. The former received him kindly, the latter civilly, and the difference was one characteristic of the two men. West was calm but benevolent—Copley was more splenetic. Charles B. King arrived in London about the same time. The two students shared a room in Litchfield street. Waldo was introduced to the Royal Academy by Copley and drew and copied there for more than two years. He passed about three years in London, painting now and then a portrait at five guineas. Robert Fulton was his friend and assisted him by advice, while Elihu White, of New York, and Charles W. Green, of Boston, relieved him from embarrassments by their purses. For this the kind and true-hearted painter ever cherished gratitude while he conscientiously discharged the moneyed obligation. It was during this period that Waldo acquired that broad and effective style of portrait-painting which distinguished him through life. Raeburn was then in full tide of successful practice and annually exhibiting those massive and vigorous pictures in which all minutiae and prettiness is sacrificed to a bold relief, broad absorbing shadows and a general warmth of hue. A free decided handling was ever after characteristic of Waldo. He once remarked to the writer, that on going into an

Exhibition in London he was much struck by one of Wilson's landscapes representing a foreground of large weeds and long grass rising up into a sky and distance bathed in sunshine; that it appeared as it would to one who was lying in a meadow on a hazy summer day; and the whole effect was given with such vividness and spirit and with such few and well chosen touches that for the time it made him feel that to possess that power of masterly pencilling would quite satisfy his ambition.

In portraiture, Waldo seized boldly the general expression, which he developed by strong light and shade, neglecting all delicate detail for the large masses and the lines which gave the ruling passion. His portraits of men were on this account superior to those of women. He landed in New York in 1809, as he said: "with two guineas in my pocket and indebted to my friends six or seven hundred dollars." By his industry in portrait painting he was soon enabled to wipe out the obligation. In 1812, Wm. Jewett became his pupil and was bound to give his services for three years, but in the second they proved so useful, that his teacher offered him a salary and soon after a partnership. For many years they painted jointly on nearly all the portraits which bear their name; their handling and pencilling became so identified that it is impossible to distinguish the work of one from the other. While Waldo was a director of the old American Academy of Fine Arts, he proposed a subscription for employing Sir Thomas Lawrence to paint a full length of Benjamin West, "that artists might see what constituted a work of art in that branch of painting," and began the list by subscribing \$100. Several directors added their names, and citizens soon swelled the sum to \$2000. This was paid to Lawrence through our ambassador Mr. Rush. Cunningham, with his usual incorrectness, states that the portrait was presented to the Academy as an acknowledgment of the compliment of honorary membership! This full length of West is one of the finest of Lawrence's works, and at the sale of the effects of the American Academy, was purchased by the Hartford Athenæum for less than one thousand dollars. This was a serious loss to New York, and shows the importance of such institutions when they are depositories of treasures of art and science, being permanently endowed and kept free from debt. Waldo, assisted by Jewett, painted a great number of portraits in New York in this period from 1812 to 1850; at intervals during this time Jewett was disabled by illness and obliged to lay aside his brush for considerable periods. Waldo

scarcely knew any interruption to his labors. The only departure from portraiture that I know of is "The Beggar with a Bone," a striking picture belonging to the Boston Athenæum; it shows that Waldo had a talent for a walk of art in which Velasquez and Murillo achieved such wonders. Several portraits of distinguished men have been finely engraved by Durand, and of these, perhaps the best is that of Col. Trumbull, the original of which was painted for the Trumbull Gallery at Yale College. It is admirable for the expression of life and the truthful rendering of venerable age.

In the present Exhibition of the National Academy (out of respect to the memory of Waldo as a lately deceased member), there have been placed several specimens of his skill. That of General Stevens is one of his early and carefully elaborated portraits and shows with what care and exactness he then imitated the features and details of dress. The one of Col. Trumbull is much earlier than that of the Trumbull Gallery and is a very artist-like production. It is instinct with the talent, fire, and high breeding of the original. The head of Durand is vigorous and effective, and the rough sketch of Jackson suggests the tough energy of Old Hickory. The full length of Elias Boudinot shows he was able to treat a large subject with massive strength, and exhibits the venerable first President of the American Bible Society as a dignified and beneficent patriarch.

There is a certain trait most valuable in portraiture, rarely found even in the works of famous masters, but which Waldo frequently embodied in a remarkable degree, that is—the *familiar speaking look* of the sitter. It was this which constituted his great strength and maintained his popularity. The portrait of Mr. McRea, now at the Academy, is a capital instance. The look haunts you as that of the living man. I can recall another, that of Mr. Chew of Brooklyn Heights. As you entered the room, its look of intelligent friendly greeting seemed to meet you with the warmth and reality of life itself. I remember this quality of distinct individual expression, that which is generally described as the *speaking likeness*, as characterizing the portraits of Waldo above those of any noted American painter.

At the age of seventy-five this amiable artist again visited London and Paris and relished the works of the great painters with all the ardor of youth. He twice married, and died æt. 78, in New York, calmly and without suffering and leaving a numerous family and a handsome for-

tune. None can forget who ever knew his tall and erect figure and his clear penetrating eye, his affable, gentlemanly manners and his kindly heart, He was a religious man; his faith was sunshiny, and his life to the end exemplified the cheerful Christian principles which guided him through a long career and proved his solace in a serene old age.

J.

HISTORY OF MEDICINE.*

HE who descends the stream of time with the barcarole of pleasure on his lips must have health as his oarsman. Without it youth is not beautiful, old age agreeable, nor do the duties of our callings meet with a faithful discharge. If to the invalid life is a tragedy, to the man of health it is either a comedy or a paradise. The landscape of his future may be overcast but he quickly sees gleams of light stealing through the interstices of the clouds. Adverse changes, trying occurrences, doleful afflictions are soon drowned in the sea of enjoyment which rises from the depths of a well formed and healthful constitution. The smile that ripples on his lips soon bodies forth into laughter, the eye that opens in calmness soon sparkles into delight, and the heart that sinks into despair soon rises more elated than ever with hope. It is health that converts the cottage into a palace, poverty even into riches, and the sorrowing present into a happy future. Without it home itself is a dark, cold prison, wife and children aggravations of our misery, and the most costly furniture but preludes to the churchyard. Wonder not therefore, reader, if the ancients looked upon health as having a divinity for its source, that to this divinity they erected temples on the most romantic spots, by the flowing river or upon the wooded hills. Pleasant it would be for us to dwell on this aspect of our subject, but a graver duty awaits our critical pen.

A philosophical history of the sciences, written with the requisite ability, would be an inestimable contribution to the encyclopedia of our knowledge. Interesting it might not be to general readers, to the sovereign million; but to the serious student, bent upon self-advancement, nothing could exceed its value. All the branches of the scientific tree spring from the same trunk, are related to and dependent on each other. Their division into professional specialties of study promotes and fosters their analytical growth, and is a serviceable concession to the diversified aptitudes of the human mind; but a

great synthetical intellect is required to marshal them together, to organize them, and to show clearly to what great purpose they jointly contribute. In their cold and stubborn isolation they beget pride, selfishness and discord; each link is bright in its loneliness, but has no sympathetic connection with the great chain of elevated humanity. Their mechanical prosecution by men of talent serves material ends, meets urgent, present wants, and in its bearing on commercial enterprises, enriches many. To this no objection can be made, as it appears to be the necessary rudimentary condition of the evolution of something much higher and better.

A biography of scientific men, embracing an account of their discoveries and labors, is an important stepping-stone to a philosophical history of the sciences, is a part of a necessary whole—is what we have in abundance, but not what we want. To show the origin of science from the peculiar mental constitution of man, as it is affected by the outward world; to show how both, acting and reacting on each other, generate all scientific knowledge, evolve each scientific law, and how from the seminal dawning of this knowledge we have attained to our present advanced condition, is what we want, is what is necessary to complete our judgment as to past labors in this direction. The doctrinal history of science ought to show clearly its progressive march as it originates in one mind and projects itself into others, as it is transmitted from one generation to another, as it extends itself from within outwardly, and binds together in intelligible union, the subject and the object, spirit and matter. Though the thread of science would seem to be spun out of only a few great minds, living at wide periods apart, yet its formative nature is such as to indicate a slowly continuous movement, though not easily discoverable in its delicate points of connection. Much noisy, empty and rhetorical abuse has been showered down upon certain periods; but we believe unjustly, ungratefully and ignorantly, as without those periods of apparently absent light, we should not have had those coruscating periods in scientific history which command the notice and admiration of all, even though their praise shades unjustly less happy times.

The historical phases of every branch of science would seem to be the material, the intellectual, and the moral. The first originates in our grosser needs both real and artificial, and characterizes the first feeble attempts of the primitive mind to rule the cosmical elements, and to turn them mechanically to its advantage;

* History of Medicine, by Dr. Meryon. London, 1461.